

NEWS AND NOTES OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Rex Beach Strays
On a Blind Trail

By Virginia Tracy

The immense amount of interest felt in the forthcoming series of Eminent Authors Pictures has still to base a large part of its confidence upon the pictures already produced by Rex Beach. While other eminent authors sat wan and shuddering at the iniquities of the motion picture business, casting up their eyes to "that court of justice which resides in the ceiling," Mr. Beach sallied out to study the monster, to learn its paces, saddle and bridle it; put, we are told, his money on it and now rides it as a winner. Conduct like this certainly warms the heart. We do not wonder that a flock of eminent authors are now at the heels of this powerful shepherd, greatly to the ultimate advantage, there can be little doubt, of themselves, the motion picture business and the motion picture public. Meanwhile we have seen two Rex Beach pictures in one week and they have left our feelings a little mixed.

This mixedness begins with the title of "The Crimson Gardenia"—to our minds a beautiful title, richly suggesting romantic and mysterious melodrama. And let us joyfully pronounce this melodrama's many sterling qualities. It has, as was only to be expected, a capital scenario. It has swift, straight, suspenseful, cumulative continuity, some good tricks and quick surprises, with a delightful and exciting scene in a telephone exchange and a happy economy in sub-titles; the producing has been not only handsomely but imaginatively done, with real feeling for the picturesque and a glamourous photography. What more do we want, then, from a picture which says in its own advertising that it is melodrama pure and simple and doesn't pretend to be anything else? Ah, but that's exactly the thing—consciously or unconsciously, it does pretend to be something else! It pretends to be romance.

It makes this pretension in its title, in its use of the masks and costumes of the Mardi Gras and above all in that very glamour of photography which veils it in a glow of golden shadow. Within this shadowy glow the lively but commonplace detective story skims along so rapidly, so dexterously that its momentum carries it over the usual inconsistencies with uncommon smoothness, sufficient for any entertainment which is merely entertainment and does not pretend to stir nor to enchant us. We have a "rattling good story" but it is in just that amber atmosphere that we are annoyed by things that rattle. The clank of machinery, no matter how well run, does not make up to us for hearing, as we had been led to hope, nothing but the excited thumping of our own heart.

You cannot call your picture "The Crimson Gardenia" without committing yourself to all the elegance and mystery and passionate splendor of romance as deeply as if you called it Edgar Allan Poe or Lucrezia Borgia. When you follow up such a title with a decorative sub-title displaying a dagger, a mask and a blood-stained flower, you have got us into a condition to start for Venice or to see "The Tenth" but not to descend upon a gas counterfeiter. We cannot see counterfeiter as romance, not even when you entice us by making them crippled and epileptic. There is nothing romantic about catching crooks. "Say it is necessary but do not say it is beautiful" as the soldier cries in "Under Fire." And the truth is that the counterfeiter and the blind mother and the police and the too mechanical and convenient credulity which leads the heroine to entrap the hero, though we might have been glad enough to enjoy them as prime sensational "crook stuff," disappoint us as pretty cheap and mean material when we come upon them through all this atmosphere of brilliant and tragic adventure, of maskers mistaken for each other, of flowers that give a death signal, of love at first sight amid cloaked dangers and mute, armed men in the costume of the holiday masquerade, forever—and most deceptively!—looming in ominous silence upon the lovers, through all those amber alleys and bronze barns and shadowy courts, things that spell poetry or that spell nothing.

Probably from a desire to keep up the pace the characterizations are too crude and abrupt to do anything toward bridging the difference between the action and the atmosphere; in what we may call the "sympathetic heavy" the producers seem nervously aware of this and have got the part considerably overacted. The first enters in a secret flight to an old curio shop and goes through something like the beginning of a brigand's dance, so ostentatiously does he peer and hearken up and down the street; then frames himself in the doorway with outstretched arms, then whirls around and shoots through, a truly remarkable entrance for a man eager to avoid attention! Of course, a definite piece of business like this is the work not of the actor but of his director, and so, too, must be the insistence upon the fluffy and fussy comedy effects with which Owen Moore muffs up the hero. We should never ourselves have selected Mr. Moore for a languid airy millionaire, weary—(the adventure vivifies him—of this prosaic world, but we remember too distinctly the bold outline and spirited humor of his performance in "Susan Rocks the Boat" to blame upon him the easy air of baby talk with which he accepts his various startling fates.

Whatever confusion of our own feeling all this resulted in, we certainly took it with us when we rushed up to our favorite eleven-cent theatre, where you can see enduring pictures long after they have escaped from downtown, and somewhat belatedly settled ourselves before the next to

the last Rex Beach production, "The Brand." Pictures and life and the weather and the rents and the imperfections of humanity in general—a fairly heavy load, even for a reviewer—had brought us to "The Brand" in a somewhat fussed and fevered state; fit, as our grouch relaxed in the theatre's grateful darkness, only to cast ourselves upon the movement of the picture, any picture, till it should draw us into its own rhythm; not till then could we attend to its significance. We have very little recollection of an intermediate state. We do not know at what period we passed out of the difficulties of our own life into the more tolerable and reviving difficulties of other people's lives, when it was that we began to breathe a tonic vigor and rigor that changed the whole circulation of our mind. We merely found ourselves living in that Alaskan town and contending, in absolute refreshment, with the cold grip of the Alaskan climate. Evidently we had already made sure that we could lean our whole weight upon the picture; it was so sound and solid and knew its story-telling business so thoroughly that we had no fear of its giving way and letting us get that bad fall in the last reel which last reels are in the habit of giving us.

In "The Brand" the little vaudeville actress, adventuring into Alaska with the cheap skate of a lover who deserts her there in his gold-hunt, marries for livelihood and protection a middle-aged Alaskan hero, wearies of his boring kindness, his snowed-up house, the incessant struggle with broken finger-nails and frozen grease in the kitchen she never gets out of and betrays him at the first advance of the returning lover. In the tumultuous and savage upshot every member of the triangle behaves so badly that you hardly see what any of them can want with each other, but they never behave outside our perfect credence, outside their own natures or something which we blinkingly guess at in our own natures if transferred to their stressed and violent circumstance. Their miserable struggle works itself out against the epic conditions of snow and storm and mountain; conditions so crushing to them, so magnificent to the comfortable spectator and moulding the picture and the attention so completely inside that frozen world. But never for a moment allowed to throw a romantic light upon the squalid, bone-aching, sordid grubbiness of digging for a living in that ice-bound, iron-bound land.

The picture is moulded with such strength and continuity that it seems slowly to loom up out of the very landscape as a great rock does, and as the picture grows the middle-aged Alaskan grows, too; with the very assistance of Russell Simpson he develops into a monumental, legendary hero, like some cross old eagle, solitary and inscrutable. The passing years, the sense of the town that grows up in the hollow of his hand, the brute vengeance that, as humbly and as potentially as a machine, he at last wreaks upon the hero, all mount into the incomparable pride with which he bears his wife and child back to his own cabin because he wants them; instead of murdering through the commonplace pride of hating them out because the conventional conception is that he ought not to want them. These things have in them a veracity, a faithfulness, a fundamental force, sober as justice and spectacular as nature, which finally seems to ask whether it is not really itself which is the great adventure.

Before such a picture "The Crimson Gardenia" is only a rather gaudy flower in the cranny of that rocky, the flower calls to many an adventurer with the voice of a siren, but give us the rock.

Justine Johnson

Aspires to Act

Justine Johnstone has set a Spartan task for herself this summer by deserting Broadway and allying herself with the Poli Stock Company at Waterbury, Conn.

Why Justine Johnstone, one of the most photographed and best advertised beauties in the world, whose salary as the crowning feature of a girl-and-music show was reputed to be what a king's ransom used to be before the bottom fell out of the king market, has relinquished this assured career in favor of the ill-paid and obscure drudgery of a provincial stock company is interestingly explained by herself.

"I always wanted to be an actress—that's why I'm here," she explains. "Everything I have thus far done on the stage has been utterly alien to my own best judgment, to my own taste in the matter. My career thus far, if you can dignify it by such a term as career, was thrust upon me. I had little or no part in its selection. The one I am now launched upon is of my own choosing. And I have chosen in the face of every discouragement which otherwise kind and sympathetic friends have been able to devise. Indeed, the very fact that I stand so utterly alone has made me stronger than ever in my resolution never to go back to the stage except as an actress in legitimate drama. I may not become a very great actress. There's not a chance in the world that I shall be, but I can and will become a good actress. I have managed to get a place in a stock company, because I believe that the stock company system not only constitutes the best training for any player, but that its hard work and discipline will have a special value as a corrective for the thousand and one defects of which I am personally conscious. For the first time in my life I have known the zest of hard work, fourteen, fifteen, sometimes sixteen hours a day of downright drudgery. But I seem to be actually growing strong on hard work. I have done six parts now, none of them in the least alike, and I have a new part in each of the seven remaining weeks. At the end of the season I hope to get a small part in some Broadway production, with the privilege of understudying several of the more important roles. In this way I hope some day to arrive. In fact, it seems to me the only way one can arrive with any assurance of staying when one gets there."

"Gaieties of 1919" To Be

First of a Series

"Gaieties of 1919," which is destined to become an annual event in these parts, will have its New York premiere on Monday evening, June 30, after a trial the present week in Atlantic City. The "Gaieties of 1919," which will be presented by the Winter Garden Company, will not attempt to follow the pattern of the "Passing Shows," though it assumes the proportions of a huge revue.

The 44th Street Theatre is planned as the permanent home of the "Gaieties," where each summer there will be a new series of this type. The production has been staged by J. C. Huffman, who is in command of Winter Garden shows. Allan K. Foster and Kay Kendall are responsible for the dances. The music of the "Gaieties" is by Jean Schwartz and the lyrics are by Al Bryant. The book is by Edgar Smith.

Beach Dancing at Palisades Park

Beach fox trotting is the latest fad of bathers who make the surf bathing at Palisades Park their aquatic playground. The beach of the natatorium is directly opposite the ballroom. Every other attraction in this amusement city is in full swing, with added free attractions changed every week.



Bessie McCoy Davis in "The Greenwich Village Follies"

Dramatic Events Cast
Their Shadows Before

A partial list of plays promised by only a few of New York's leading managers indicates what a huge volume of entertainment is on the way. At this stage the announcements are, of course, merely tentative, but they provide an interesting indication of next season's dramatic activity.

The return of Sothern and Marlowe in three Shakespearean revivals, under the Shubert direction, is the most important announcement. They will appear in "Twelfth Night," "Macbeth" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Walter Hampden will also make several Shakespearean productions.

A list of the Shubert productions for next season includes "Scandals," a play by Cosmo Hamilton, which has scored heavily in Chicago; George V. Hobart's dramatization of David Graham Phillips' novel, "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lennox," and a new comedy by Rachel Crothers, called "He and She." There will be a new "Passing Show of 1919" at the Winter Garden. McIntyre and Heath will return in "Hello, Alexander," and some of the musical plays are the English "Oh, Uncle," the French "Bal Tabarin," "Buz Buzz," and "The Belle of Trouville." Walker Whiteside and William Hodge are to be starred in new plays.

The plans of George C. Tyler promise Laurette Taylor's return to New York in a new play. Three plays that have already had preliminary tryouts in Washington and that will be seen here early in the season are "On the Hiring Line," a satirical comedy by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford; "Made of Money," by Richard Washburn Child and Porter Emerson Brown, in which Lynn Fontanne will be given prominence, and "A Young Man's Fancy," a fantastic comedy by John T. McIntyre. George Arliss will add to his gallery of portraits the character of Voltaire. He will also be seen in a play entitled "Beau Revel," which Louis Joseph Vance is now writing for him. A new Booth Tarkington comedy entitled "Clarence" is to have its first production on July 7 in Atlantic City. It deals with the curious adventure of a returned soldier. In the autumn Eugene G. O'Neill's first long sea play, "Chris Christopherson," will be produced. A comedy of youth entitled "The Golden Age," by Sidney Toler and Marion Short, is also on the Tyler books.

The Woods plans include several English and French plays. W. Somerset Maugham's new farce, "Too Many Husbands," with Kenneth Douglas; Harold Brighouse's farce "The Bantam, V. C.," with Ernest Truax in the title role, and "The Great Illusion," adapted from the French of Sacha Guitry by Avery Hopwood, are among these. Marjorie Rameau will star in "The Unknown Woman," by Marjorie Blaine and Stanley Lewis, and Pauline Frederick will be seen with Thomas Wise in "Lady Tony," a melodrama by Willard Mack. "Little Love Birds," a farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, will have John Cumberland and Doris Kenyon in the leading roles. Florence Moore will be seen in "Breakfast in Bed," "A Voice in the Dark," by Ralph E. Dyer and Willard Mack, will be one of the earliest of the Woods productions. Barney Bernard is to be starred in a new play by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman.

The Selwyns will open two new theatres, the Times Square and the Forty-second Street, both of which are in course of erection. Jane Cowl will open the first with a new play, still unnamed, Eugene Walters' "The Challenge," with Holbrook Blinn, will open at the Selwyn Theatre on August 11. Donald Brian and Wallace Eddinger are to be co-starred in "Buddies," by George V. Hobart. "Wedding Bells," a comedy, by Salisbury Field, with Margaret Laurence in the leading role, will be produced early in October. A musical comedy by Roi Cooper Meador, P. G. Woodhouse and Raymond Hubbell, entitled "Among the Girls," will be seen here some time in September.

A new farce by Avery Hopwood, "The Whirlwind," a comedy by Porter Emerson Brown; "The Daisy Pushers," by Max Marcin and Fred Isham, and a play by Edgar Selwyn, in which Roland Young and Marion Coakley are to be featured, are a few of the projected Selwyn productions.

Ina Claire will return to New York early in the season under Mr. David Belasco's aegis in a new play by Avery Hopwood, entitled "The Gold Diggers." Leonore Ulric, elevated to stardom by Belasco, will also be presented in a new play. David Warfield will resume his tour in "The Auctioneer" in September with an itinerary that extends from coast to coast.

The Morosco productions include "Mme. Sappho," a new comedy by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, written as a vehicle for Grace Valentine; "Seven Miles to Arden," a romantic comedy with which Oliver Morosco will take over Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre; "Civilian Clothes," a comedy drama by Thompson Buchanan; "The Master Thief," a mystery play by Edward E. Rose from the "Pymaster" stories of Richard Washburn Child; "A Regular Girl," by S. Jay Kaufman, of "The New York Globe"; "Cap'n Warren's Wards," a dramatization by the Hattens of Joseph Lincoln's popular novel; "His Lady Friend," a new musical comedy for Charlotte Greenwood, and "Wanted—A Thrill!" a new musical play, with book by Glen McDonough and music by Alfred Goodman, which opens at the Fulton about Labor Day.

Comstock & Gest will reopen the Century Theatre with "Aphrodite," a huge spectacle of ancient Egypt, made from the novel of Pierre Louys. It will require a cast of 300 persons. The costumes and settings are by Percy Anderson and Leon Baskin. "Adam and Eva," a comedy by Guy Bolton and George Middleton, will open at the Longacre on August 18. "The Light of the World," a drama by the same authors, has the Passion Play as its background. "Welcome Home," by Guy Bolton and Frank Mandel, dealing with the returning soldier, will be another early offering. "The Luck of the Navy," an English melodrama, will be brought over and installed at the Manhattan Opera House in September. The seventh Princess Theatre musical show is called "The Cave Girl" and is by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Mr. Bolton is also the author with P. G. Woodhouse of a musical comedy, "See You Later," for which Jean Schwartz has written the music. Musical plays will be made from the old farces "Brewster's Millions" and "The Dictator," "Mocca," Oscar Ashe's successor to "Chu Chin Chow," is another spectacle acquired by Mr. Comstock in his recent pilferage.

Arthur Hammerstein will produce several new musical plays, among them a version of William Collier's "Never Say Die," a new piece which Rida Johnson Young is writing in collaboration with Lee Roberts, and another by Tommy Gray and Herbert Stothart.

The chief features of the Coburns' enterprises will be a play by Louis K. Anspercher, entitled "All the King's Horses." They themselves will remain in New York with "The Better 'Ole," and send another company on tour with De Wolf Hopper as the star. They have under consideration appearing in a production of "Macbeth."

Grace George will make another attempt to establish a stock company similar in character to the famous organizations of the past. To this end she is acquiring a number of new American plays. She has in preparation "She Would and She Did," a comedy by Mark Reed, and "The Ruined Lady," by Frances Nordstrom.

At the CABARETS

With the advent of real hot weather the sight of a huge ice rink, with skating stars gliding sensationally about and enough ice to frighten "Liza into staying on the other shore," is a feature that always attracts capacity audiences to Thomas Healy's Golden Glades, at Broadway and Sixty-sixth Street.

"Blossom Festival," the only ice skating show in New York, is presented twice each evening, and this week passed its 100th performance. It will continue merrily along throughout the summer and do its best to distract the crowds that otherwise flock to outlying roadhouses. New features are added each week to attract the most exacting amusement seeker into a return visit. A musical comedy number follows the ice, known as "On the Carpet," which delights all who are fond of this form of diversion.

Among the favorites in the big revue are Elsie and Paulsen, Cathleen Pope, the Misses Judels and Peterson, Margot and Davis, the Famous Skating Octet, Miss Helen Hardick, Yvonne Darie, Peggy Lavelle, Swann Wood, Harry Francis and George Davis.

Mr. Healy's country resort, the May-November Farm, at Hartsdale, N. Y., is another of his summer offerings that continues to attract motorists.

The roof gardens have also hit their summer stride. Among the most popular is the Hurricane Deck of the Majestic Hotel roof. This roof, which is out in the open air, gives a commanding sweep of Central Park, its lakes, winding roadways and lights that dazzle through the trees. One can easily forget that one is in the heart of a big city. The huge jazz orchestra has drawn crowds from all over Manhattan Island, and Copeland Townsend, the proprietor, asserts that dancing was never more popular. For the convenience of the guests the Majestic has a "showers" room, where guests may go in case of a sudden storm.

We went up to Reisenweber's the other night with Harry Herschfeld, the cartoonist, and his nephew, Julian Alberti. By the way, Julian, who is only seventeen years old, is the youngest jazz orchestra leader in the business.

ness, and Harry tells me that he will soon be seen playing at a popular cabaret. We danced with Marie Astor, Irma Coligne and Ted Barry, and mighty good dancers they are if we are any judge of dancing. They are assistant hostesses to Sophie Tucker, otherwise known as the "Mary Garden of Ragtime." There is a certain something in the Paradise Room at Reisenweber's that makes one feel quite "at home"—the hostesses always see that a partner is provided for all who wish to dance, and new songs, new gowns and even a new group of Miss Tucker's Six Kings of Syncopation always tend to make an evening in this restaurant an enjoyable one.

On Monday night the roof garden of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel shone in all its splendor. A constant stream of automobiles brought guests for dinner, and then whisked them away to the opening of the Ziegfeld Follies. It is said that it was the most important night the old roof has ever known. Among those seen dining there were Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer, Mr. and Mrs. Russell G. Colt, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Mr. Otto Kahn, Mrs. Oscar L. Richard, Mr. Condé Nast, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Mrs. John Wanamaker, Jr., Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld (Billie Burke) and a party of twelve, Mr. and Mrs. Gurnee Munn and ever so many more notables of society. Indeed, one man had to wait so long for a table that he was an hour late for the Follies, but he insisted that an appetite before July 1 was very important and must be attended to before pleasure. The Japanese Garden continues to be very lovely at the dinner hour. A small orchestra renders Italian airs.

"Young Lochinvar," of Lynbrook, L. I., has returned from a two months' trip through the West. Joe Susskind, proprietor of Blossom Heath Inn, after prospecting through Montana, is back on the Merriack Road counting the machines as they are parked. It seems that the Long Island member of the Susskind family, while on his trip, made a "strike" at Basin, Jefferson County, Mont., and bought an interest in a sure enough gold mine in the Tonopah region. During his absence

his brother, Harry Susskind, of Pelham Heath Inn fame, looked after their "gold mines" at home, and reports that he has been doing a record-breaking business.

The formal opening of the Park Avenue Hotel's Sunken Palm Garden took place Thursday evening. The garden is laid out in the large court around which the hotel is built. One of its features is an electric fountain, around which a dance floor is built. Harold Stern's Military Orchestra renders the dance music. The Sunken Garden is under the personal supervision of Harry Bigg.

Wild, barbaric, war-time jazz continues to reign supreme at the Hotel Shelburne, Brighton Beach, where Lieutenant Tim Brynm, otherwise known as Mr. Jazz Himself, and his forty "Black Devil" Jazzers hold forth.

Typists and accountants who were formerly accustomed to hit the keys or run a column of figures to the tune of a mentally hummed aria or folk song have now changed to jazz for the tempo of their work. This fact has developed from the admission of Miss Beatrice Hemming, a typist in the auditing department of Luna Park, Coney Island. She states that Buddie's Castle House Band, which gives vent to so much jazz in the Luna ballroom, has wooed her away from the harmonies of the masters.

With a new cooling system in vogue, the Moulin Rouge continues to be a popular rendezvous of the after theatre crowds. Faithfully reflecting the gay young Paris of ante-bellum days, this dining and dance establishment has become a potent factor in the night life of Broadway. Although dance is king, Manager Spear has provided a diverting entertainment in "The Revue Intime," which is given at continuous intervals throughout the evening.

At last an imitator of the singing of Mrs. Castle has been revealed among public performers. Some have represented her dancing acceptably, but it remained for Miss Hall, who is exhibiting at Churchill's, to sing as Frank Tinney said she could sing. She is of the dancing and singing duo of Hall and Kinney. The two were volunteers at the Memorial Day luncheon which Frank H. Maynard, of 400 Park Avenue, gave at Churchill's for one hundred wounded soldiers from Base Hospital No. 3. The applause given them by the men was so vociferous that Mr. Churchill immediately placed them under contract.

S. L. H.

AMUSEMENTS

AMERICA'S FOREMOST THEATRES AND HITS, DIRECTION OF LEE and J. J. SHUBERT

OPENING AT THE
44TH ST. THEATRE
MON. JUNE 30
SEATS ON SALE TO-MORROW AT 9 A.M.

WINTER GARDEN
4TH MONTH
BIG MUSICAL SPLASH
TUMBLE IN
SELWYN THEATRE
42ND ST. BWAY
MATS. WED. & SAT.

SHUBERT THEATRE 44th St. Bway
Eves. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15.
Lew Fields Scores the Biggest Hit of His Career!

MONTE CRISTO J.
TO-NIGHT SUNDAY
ALWAYS THE BEST SUNDAY ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.

SETHUR HAMMERSTEIN'S
MUSICAL HITS
WITH SELWYN & CO.
4TH MONTH
BIG MUSICAL SPLASH
TUMBLE IN
SELWYN THEATRE
42ND ST. BWAY
MATS. WED. & SAT.

NOW AT THE CASINO
FOR THE SUMMER
7TH MONTH
MUSICAL PLAY—DIFFERENT
SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART
225 ALMOND AVE. & ANTONIO SALFUMINO

CASINO THEATRE
39TH ST. BWAY
MATS. WED. & SAT.

39 EAST
WITH HENRY HULL AND CONSTANCE BINNEY
BROADHURST
EVEN. 8:30
MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

A LITTLE JOURNEY
VANDERBILT
THEATRE 48TH ST. BWAY
PHONE 83-2411
EVEN. 8:30
MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

SOCIETY of AMERICAN SINGERS
PARK THEATRE MON. OCT. 13
20 WEEKS OF OPERA COMIQUE
20 DIFFERENT OPERAS IN ENGLISH
PRICES: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00
Address: 101 West 42nd St.
President and Gen. Mgr., J. West 21st St.

JOHN FERGUSON
GARRICK
THE SEASON'S REAL SUCCESS

—GREAT DRAMATIC TRIUMPH—
JOHN FERGUSON
Theatrical, 1919-1920
Eves. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15.

CHARLIE YANO
he wise guy
he wants you
to forget the weather
he go to coolest
theatre in town
and see
EAST-WEST
with ROY BOWINTER
at the Astor
Gets lotta laughs
Coastie Yano
be wise guy.
MATS. WED. & SAT.

A SENSATION
MORRIS GERT MIDNIGHT WHIRL
NEW YORK'S ONLY EXCLUSIVE AFTER-MIDNIGHT REVUE
OPEN AIR ROOF AT 9:30—PERFORMANCE AT 11:30 PM

Born Atlantic City
Feb 28—1918
Moved to New York
July 22—1918
"ADMIRABLE"
said Pres Wilson
"EXCELLENT"
said King George

LOUIS MANN
FRIENDLY ENEMIES
HUDSON
W 44th St. Eves 8:30
Mats Wed & Sat at 2:30

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM
ELTINGE
W 42nd St. Eves 8:30
Mats Wed & Sat at 2:30

BEST SHOW IN TOWN
Mrs. & Mrs. Coburn
in 38TH WEEK
Better Ole
BOOTH 45TH ST. & BWAY. EVES. 8:30
MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

FULTON
West 45th St. Phone
82-2121. Eves. 8:30
Mats Wed & Sat 2:30

LAST BIG WEEK
OLIVER MOROSCO'S
Whirlwind Honey-moon Farce
PLEASE GET MARRIED
with ERNEST TRUAX
and EDITH TALIAFERRO

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MUSIC LEAGUE
OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE.

OPEN AIR CONCERTS

Opening MONDAY, June 30, 8:30 P. M.

Stadium Symphony Orchestra
ARNOLD VOLPE, Conductor.

Soloist ROSA PONSELLE
Soprano of Metropolitan Opera Company
and Chorus.

Concerts every evening, including Sundays, for eight weeks. Eminent soloists. Nightly change of program. See amusement columns in the daily papers.

8,000 Seats, 25c, 50c, \$1.00

LEWISOHN

STADIUM
of the College of the City of New York
at 137th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

In case of rain, concert takes place in Great Hall, 140th St. and Convent Avenue.

TICKETS ON SALE JUNE 28th AT BOX OFFICE AND METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

How to Reach the Stadium: Broadway Subway to 137th St.; walk one block East. Or take Fifth Ave. Buses Nos. 4-5-6, or Broadway Surface Cars to 137th St.